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LITERARY.

We know not to whom the world is indebted for the following admirable article. It appeared in 1824, about three months subsequent to the death of Lord Byron.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee,

and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of *Childe Harold*. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in

a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bedside with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences from them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope were

forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few, had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotchman, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death, and to conclude that the poet was "fey," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God

found you, my two sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him." The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the high flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower. But perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several elderly people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying tinge was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been em-

bellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no justling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsousie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wonder over the decked room and emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councillor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's

splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at the theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland.

But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honest sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his

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the manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? If he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid—and it is not a small one. Hail! to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.

LITERARY VARIETY.

Poetical Triads.—Mr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh bard, being called upon for his opinion of the requisites of a Poet, wrote on the spot the following parody on his Bardic Triads:

1. The three primary requisites of poetical genius:—An eye that can see nature: a heart that can feel nature: and a resolution that dares follow nature.

2. The three final intentions of poetry.—Increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.

3. The three properties of a just imagination—what may be, what ought to be, and what seemingly is to be.

4. The three indispensibilities of poetical language—purity, copiousness, and ease.

5. Three things that ought to be well understood in Poetry—the great, the little, and their correspondencies.

6. Three things to be avoided in poetry—the mean, the obscure, and the extravagant.

7. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration—what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.

8. The three dignities of poetry—the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.

9. The three advantages of poetry—the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.

10. The three purities of poetry—pure truth, pure language, and pure conception.

11. Three things that poetry should thoroughly be—thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural

‘Genius,’ says Buffon, ‘is Patience;’ or, (as another French writer has explained his thought,) ‘La Patience, cherche et le Génie trouve;’ and there is little doubt, that to the co-operation of these two powers all the brightest inventions in this world are owing;—that Patience must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before Genius boldly dives, and brings it up full into light. There are, it is true, some striking exceptions to this rule, and our own times have witnessed more than one extraordinary intellect, whose depth has not prevented their treasures from lying ever ready within reach. But the records of Immortality furnish few such instances; and all we know of the works that she has hitherto marked with her seal, sufficiently authorizes the general position, that nothing great and durable has ever been produced with ease; and that labour is the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world, whether in verse or stone, whether in poetry or pyramids.”

Perhaps no incident, in the fortunes of men, occasions a more painful contrast of feeling than the tamed and subjected state of mind with which an adventurer revisits the scenes of his youth, whether his career has been prosperous or unfortunate; for among all the truths which experience teaches, there is none more manifest than this, that mankind universally set out in life with a false estimate of that world into which they are entering. This is so apparent, that even the most inattentive observe it; and those who are least in the practice of moralizing, cannot help sometimes making it the subject of their remarks. Every man, however

his station, who has encountered the shock and contention of active life, must be sensible that he now views mankind, and their condition, in a very different light from that in which he once saw them; and, however unable he may be at first to describe to himself the nature of the change, he feels that it is real and important, and knows that it is the result of his experience. Let him examine himself more closely, and he will find it to be this, he has discovered the world to be a much more serious, trying, and difficult scene; and those who live in it, a more severe, rigorous and unfriendly set of beings than he was previously aware of, or could have at all imagined. This ungrateful lesson is indeed gradually learned, and seldom without a degree of indignant surprise, and a painful revulsion of former feelings.—The ingenuous mind of youth struggles long with the unwelcome information; admits it slowly and unwillingly; and often wholly rejects it as false, before it finally adopts it as too certain to be any longer doubted. There is, indeed, something in the situation of a young man, who has just taken upon himself the direction of his actions, we had almost said hard, if any thing could be justly called so which is the necessary result of the natural constitution of man and of society. The contrast betwixt his confidence and his inexperience, his security and his danger, is striking and affecting. Accustomed to be guided and directed in all things by the judgment of his parents; to receive from their hands the supply of his wants, and to fly to their affectionate bosoms for refuge and consolation in his little distresses; to suffer only a slight and unwilling chastisement for his most serious offences, and to be immediately restored to more than former favour—he cannot for a long time conceive the vast weight of responsibility which he takes upon himself by becoming his own master; nor convince himself of the hard necessity that rules in the world. Habituated from his earliest years to connect safety and protection with the attachment of his friends, he is unable to disjoin ideas so firmly linked together, and, with the liberty of a man, continues to act with the unthinking security of a child; not reflecting that every man is constituted by nature his own sole protector, and can have no other safe-guard than his individual firmness and prudence, nor observing, what he may one day feel, that in all the most essential points of human interest, he stands as much alone, as entirely separated from all effectual support, as the most friendless and destitute of mankind.

DEVICES.

Henry Stephens, (Henri Etienne) the founder of the learned family which gave to

the world the edition of the Stephanine Classics, was born in 1470. His device was a rude upright wood-cut of a tree, putting out leaves, flowers, and fruit, under the influence of rain, snow, and hail; which are represented as falling from the clouds, and having their names in Latin, in rude Roman letters, placed beside them.

Simon De Colines and Francis Stephens were the next proprietors of the Stephanine press. The device of the latter was an altar with a closed book laid upon it, surmounted by a tripod vase, holding a vine-branch with fruit. On the base of the altar is written ΠΛΕΟΝ ΕΛΑΙ Ξ ΟΛΙΒ, with a Latin translation as above—*Plus olei quam vini.*

The device of Simon De Colines was a figure of Time, formed like a Satyr, moving on the summit of a broad pedestal, above which are shewn flowers and grass cut down. Behind the figure is the word "Tempus," and upon the pedestal is the motto "Virtus sola aciem retundit istam."

Robert Stephens, the second son of Henry, used the following devices:—First, a fruit tree, with a branch broken and falling to the ground, with this motto printed beside it, "*Noli altum sapere sed time.*" The second was a similar tree, with three engrafted branches, and an old man in the garb of a philosopher standing on the right of it, and pointing upwards to the motto,—"*Noli altum sapere,*" which is placed between his head and the tree: of this there are variations. The third device consisted of a serpent twined round a lance, with an olive branch curled in the same direction, so as to fall betwixt the folds.

After the defeat at Solway Moss, King James the Fifth, struck with mortification, shut himself up in the palace of Falkland and was seized by fever. While he was on his bed of sickness, the news of the birth of a daughter (the unfortunate Mary) was brought to him. "Whereupon," says Sir James Balfour, "the King turns himself to the wall, and with a grievous groan says, 'Scotland did come with a lass, and it will go with one—devil go with it,' and so, without any more words to a purpose, departs this life."

Longevity.—It is remarkable that some families are favoured with the peculiar privileges of longevity: while others soon ripen and prematurely decay. Those whose minds and bodies evolve slowly, are oftener long lived than those who astonish us by an early vigor, and energetic spirit. Early and astonishing acquisitions of very young men, in different arts and sciences, seldom lead to acknowledged excellencies in more advanced age. Sanguine temperaments are said to be generally longer lived than the bilious

er melancholic; but this leans upon a dreadful theory. Very tall, or very short people, seldom it is said, reach to a great age: but a person rather short than tall, rather thin than fat, muscular, firm, and with a full chest, has apparently the fairest claim to longevity. An active life with little uneasiness, a dry, free air, early hours, a mind regularly engaged but not exhausted, a cheerful disposition, frequent changes from country to town, a diet, regular rather in time than in quantity, with moderate passions, and a temperate use of the good things of life, chiefly contribute to an extended, healthy, old age.—*Med. Intel.*

Poets.—It is not generally supposed that Poets are fit men of business for the practical affairs of the world. The poets of the olden time, however, were much entrusted with bustling employments, Edward III. made Chaucer comptroller of the customs for wool, wool-fells, and hides; and in the grant was a proviso, "that he should personally execute the office, and keep the accounts with his own hands." He is represented to have discharged the duty with great vigilance, diligence, and integrity. The King was so well satisfied with the poet's habits as a man of business, that he gave him a grant of a pitcher of wine daily in the port of London, to be delivered by the butler of England.

THE DON COSSACKS.

The Kosaks of the Don, as well as other tribes of Kosaks, may be reckoned to form a kind of military colonies, and perhaps gave the idea of the present system of military colonization which is carrying on in the south of Russia. They are a pastoral and military people, who, besides guarding their own territories, are scattered over various parts of the empire, and especially where a mixed civil and military duty is required, as about the public institutions, prisons, custom-houses, barriers, &c., of the capitals and towns. They also form piquets and guards in the Caucasus and Georgia.

Many contradictory accounts have been given as to the courage and utility of the Kosaks. By some they have been described as formidable warriors, by others as miserable cavalry. They seem to be well fitted for guarding the frontiers of an enemy, their vigilance and activity being beyond all question. But it is generally believed that they cannot stand a charge of infantry, nor even resist that of cavalry. The Russian officers in the Caucasus will seldom entrust themselves entirely to the protection of the Kosaks in passing any dangerous defile, while they have no fear in doing so when guarded by a few Russian infantry.

COPY OF A PETITION

From the Princess ALI CHAN, in the East-Indies, to Governor General Hastings, in behalf of her husband, whom the Governor had sentenced to death.

Most Mighty Sir—May the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee. May the sun of glory shine round thy head; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no grief disturb thy nights, may the pillows of peace kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly things, and the curtain of death gently closes the last sleep of existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its departure. O hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant. Spare, O spare the father of my children, my husband, my all that is dear. Consider, O Mighty Sir! that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who, in those smiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the plains of Indostan, reaped their harvest in quiet, enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O think that the God whom thou worshippest delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thine own commandment:—Thou shalt not kill, and obey the orders of heaven. Give me back my Almas Ali-Chan, and take all our wealth, strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and our silver, but take not away the life of my husband. Innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows around his heart. Let us go wandering through the deserts, let us become tillers and labourers in those delightful spots, in which we once were lords and masters, but spare! O spare, Mighty Sir, his life. Let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he has committed no crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force. We will remember thee in our prayers, and forget them. My children beseech for the author of their existence, by that humanity which we have been told glows in the breast of European loveliness, by the tender mercies of the enlightened souls of Englishmen, by the honour, the virtue, the honesty, and the maternal feeling so dear to her, the miserable wife of this prisoner, who beseeches thee to save her husband's life, and restore him to her arms. Thy God will reward thee, thy country will thank thee, and she, now petitioning, will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayers of thy most humble vassal.

ALMAS ALI CHAN.

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE, AND POETRY.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

Oh, still thee, still thee, aching breast !
Nor beat so wildly in thy pain—
Oh, lull thee, lull thee into rest,
If thou canst e'er know rest again !

Has joy been thine, and has it fled
Like the first sweet tints of the morning light ?
Wert thou once blest, and is happiness dead,
And sunk in the gloom of thy sorrow's night ?

Have the joys of thy youth all withered and
past,
Ere time stole the blush of thy being's young
bloom ?
Have the friends whom thou valued the best
and the last,
Deserted thee now, or sunk to the tomb ?

Yet rest thee, rest ; thine evening hour,
Tho' not so bright, may be mild and serene ;
Though faded the hues of life's early flower,
No cloud between thee and repose may be
seen.

Yes, rest thee, rest ; though bright was the bliss
In youth's happy season that gilded thy sky,
'Twas but clouds that it gilded, while hope
points from this,
To bliss pure and unsullied and brilliant on
high.

X. C. C.

A STORM.

1.
The mountains of the boiling sea
To-night are loosen'd from their dreams,
And upwards to the tempest flee,
Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky !

2.
The mountains of the sea are waging
Loud war upon the peaceful night,
And bands of the black winds are raging
Thorough the tempest blue and bright,
Blowing her cloudy hair to dust
With kisses, like a madman's lust !

3.
What Spirit, like an Até, walketh
Earth—ocean—air ? and aye with Time
Mingled, as with a lover talketh ?—
Methinks their colloquy sublime
Draws anger from the sky, which raves
Over the self-abandon'd waves.

4.
Behold ! like millions mass'd in battle,
The tumbling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps which rattle
In mighty transport till they grow
All fruitful in their rocky home,
And dash from frenzy into foam.

5.
And, see—where lie on the faithless billows
Women, and men, and children fair,
Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen
pillows,
With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
And others who plunge in their sounding
graves !—
Ah ! lives there no strength above the waves ?

6.
'Tis said, the Moon can rock the sea
From frenzy strange to silence mild—
To sleep—to death :—But where is she,
While now her storm-born giant child
Upheaves his shoulder to the skies ?—
Arise, sweet planet pale !—Arise !

7.
She cometh,—lovelier than the dawn
In summer when the leaves lie green ;
More graceful than the alarmed fawn
Over his grassy supper seen :
Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
Until—again the tempest calls !

8.
The supernatural Storm,—he waketh
Again, and lo ! from sheets all white
Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
Scorn on the jewell'd locks of night.
He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
And a cry, like Hell, as he rushes down !

9.
—And so still soars from calm to storm
The stature of the aye-changing sea :—
So doth desire or wrath deform
Our else all calm humanity ;—
Until at last we sleep,
And never wake nor weep,
(Hush'd to death by some faint tune,)
In our grave beneath the moon !

STANZAS TO ———.

1.
The days are few that thou hast told,
The griefs are slight that thou canst know,
And time yet pauses to unfold
The catalogue of human woe :
For sorrow is not childhood's dower,
Nor oft disturbs youth's summer hour,
But shows the torn and faded page,
That tells of vanish'd joys—to age :
To age—reality of life—
That cannot brook the feverish strife,
Which but a transient gloom imparts
To young and hope-deluded hearts.

2.
But if the course of after years
Should bear one grief—one pang to thee,
'Twould be my pride with true-love tears
To blot it from thy memory ;—
To seek thee in thy pale distress,
And whisper hopes of happiness ;
And tell thee that the clouds which fly
Across the calm and azure sky,
And leave it still serenely fair,
Are emblems of thy bosom's care ;
And that if joys soon fade from view,
Our miseries, love, are fleeting too.

3.

But well I know, though grief appear
To veil the light of joy awhile,
And though at times a rising tear
May dim the lustre of thy smile—
They shall not cloud nor quench the flame
That virtue kindles ; and thy name
Shall pass along the stream of time,
Without a shade of vice or crime.
And thou wilt show that hearts may bear
Fate's keenest pangs—and not despair :
And that the guileless soul within
May know of sorrow without sin.

4.

And when thine eyes have lost the light
That youth and beauty lend them now ;—
And when the cypress gloom of night
Hangs lowering o'er that sunny brow—
Thou wilt not fall as others fall,
Whom bonds of guilt have held in thrall ;—
Thou wilt not die as others die,
Who deem all love but slavery :—
But thou wilt vanish like a ray
That shines upon the desert way—
A beam from heav'n that gilds the main,
And glances back to heaven again.

BALLAD.

1.

"Away ! away to Normandy !
Up, up, my son, and ride !
And bring with thee, from that famed countrie,
A ladye for thy bride.
The maidens there are gay and fair
As the blossoms on the tree :
Away ! away ! ere break of day
To merry Normandy.

2.

Array thyself in thy best attire,
And with words of honey speak ;
And thou'lt call the smile to many an eye,
And the blood to many a cheek :
Be kind to the meanest thou mayst meet,
And to the lofty—free :
Not in vain thou'lt ride, for a ladye-bride
Shall be thine in Normandy.

3.

Seek out the noblest dame of all,
And whisper in her ear,
That thou lov'st her more than ever before
Lov'd knight and cavalier.
Say she is fairer than summer rose,
(As thy father said to me,)
And thou'lt bring at thy side a wealthy bride
From merry Normandy."

4.

"No ! mother, no ! I cannot part
With the maiden of my home :
A bride more kind I shall never find,
Though the whole world through I roam.
No ! mother, no ! I cannot leave
My own beloved countrie ;
Though 'tis bleak and wild, I still am its child,
And want not Normandy.

5.

But I will don my best attire,
And seek my lovely girl,
Whose eyes are bright as the clear starlight,
And whose teeth are white as pearl.

And thou wilt own that the rose just blown
Is not more fair than she ;
And that she may claim as pure a name
As the best of Normandy.

6.

In the day of age she will cherish thee
With all a daughter's care,
And walk with thee, and talk with thee,
And bind thy silvery hair.
She will bring to thee Spring's earliest flowers,
And fruits from the choicest tree ;
And thou wilt forget, and ne'er regret,
The maids of Normandy.

7.

She will guide thee when thy limbs are weak,
And thy sight begins to fail ;
Or breathe a song, and when nights are long
Beguile them with a tale.
And when thou'rt gone to the sleep of death,
(Oh ! distant may that be !)
She will wet thy bier with many a tear,
Though not of Normandy."

8.

"My son, put on thy best attire,
And seek thy lovely girl,
Whose eyes are bright as the clear starlight,
And whose teeth are as white as pearl.
And may she prove a source of love
When I have pass'd from thee,
And ever claim as pure a name
As the best of Normandy."

SONNET.

The Dying Gladiator.

Ut procumbat honesté —Cic.

Ha ! who is he upon whose bloody side
That fearful rending seems so deadly sure—
Whose soul in nerv'd resolve doth calm
endure
Each rebel pang he glories thus to hide ?
But what avails it *now* his quenchless pride
That he can stifle all ? that groan or sigh
Reveal no pain, proclaim no fear to die ?
Dreads he lest nature's weakness be descried ?
They say he was a slave—a dying man
At least he is, whose soul was never slave ;
Roman or Dacian, he hath shown he can
Undaunted die, and pity scorns to crave !
He dreads the taunts the insults Rome may
pour
Upon the struggles of his dying hour !

SONNET,

*On a Youth who died of excessive eating of
Fruit-Pie.*

Currants have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here ;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall ; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good ;
Guilt will not long hide guilt ; such thin-wash'd ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrain'd verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey :
Rehearses I was fruit-ful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away !

New-York Literary Gazette.*For the New-York Literary Gazette.*

MR. EDITOR,

This from the Ponder-book of a Bachelor of Arts.

It has been my custom from time immemorial, i. e. for the last three years of my retired life, to look from my study-window into the faces of those whom chance brings within the somewhat contracted angle of my visual rays. By this practice and a large natural share of physiognomical talent, I am now able, with great ease, to penetrate into the character, disposition, and even designs of those personages that pass through the field of my view. As I profess to know bent of mind from turn of feature, so likewise, with some exception, I discover trade and profession by gait and air—nay, I sometimes persuade myself, that I can guess, with tolerable accuracy, at the thoughts which are immediately occupying and agitating the brain of some casual passer-by. The hurried step and slow pace—the erect and stooping body—the perpendicular and the oblique neck—the convex and the concave back—the rectilinear, the curvilinear, and angular limb—the splay, chubbed, and shovel foot—the long, the short, the broad, the narrow, the clumsy, the slender, the black, white, clean, or dirty hand—the tottering genuflexions of age, deformity, and labour, and the pert, brisk stamp of youth and affectation, are the outward signs, by which inclination and pursuit are readily ascertained. Be all this as it may, (and it all may be this way or that, without affecting what follows) I shall believe myself to be well-skilled in what I have professed, and shall expect the consequent consideration.

I was one day following with rather an intense gaze, the progress of a bevy of fine, frolicsome, and gay youths, who, accompanied by mirth and baggage, were hurrying to the steam-boat, when it occurred to me, that a little change of company, scene, and diet, was what I very much needed. My imagination was immediately filled with men, places, and dishes so purely supposititious, that I had nearly gagged to death in the attempt to swallow some delicious fricasee, (from the culinary purlieus of an ho-

tel,) to which I fancied I had just helped myself. When I had recovered my health and my senses, (which I afterwards learned was not without assistance,) fancy was still running into foreign parts, and returning to my imagination fairy pictures of splendid cities, verdant fields, and happiness which seemed to have existence in every spot, save that on which I stood. "Where shall I travel?" cried I. "Where every body else travels," answered a voice, easily distinguished as belonging to my friend Ned W., who had entered my apartment in time to prevent the probable effect of my disaster—"where every body ought to travel, and you among the rest." "What and where may this elysium be, to whichwards every one ought to turn his face—I suppose you mean Ballston Spa and the Falls of Niagara?" "New-York, New-York, sir, the metropolis of the Republic, centre of resort, reservoir of wealth and of worth, treasury of wit and magazine of beauty of the fairest country upon which yon rosy-faced ball doth shine." "I have never been in the city, but have always sang its praises with a loud voice and cheerful heart—wilt go there with me?" A clap of thunder in the ear, or a gentle fisticuff on the back would not have startled my good friend as did this proposition from one who had not received the full glare of the sun's beams for three years. He, however, agreed, and the next day we appointed to wend way to the great city.

It was that soft season when man, like all nature else, feels a renewal of life and vigour. The pure and balmy air—the bright verdure and mottled fairy hues are striking contrasts to the chill damps, keen blasts and withered, shrivelled grey of winter. It was long since I had witnessed the external changes which are continually going on and eternally varying the face of Nature. I could, it is true, by one sense perceive this day's air to be more full of fragrance, and, by another, that day's light to be less intense. Green fields, gay flowers, limpid streams and purling brooks, were but in my imagination. In winter, fancy was forever busy in sketching landscapes, warmed and illumined by solstitial heat—whilst in summer she would paint such freezing scenes as chilled my very frame, and sent my blood congealing through my shivering

limbs. It was one of those delightful days of May, when the soul harmonizes with itself and with all about it. It had rained hard during the night, and the sun was risen in unclouded brilliancy. A cool west wind, bearing the thousand odours of the country, assuaged the intensity of his beams as he approached his meridian height. I was seated in the boat just as the clock said twelve—we were soon in rapid motion and I had lost sight of ———. * * * * *

Horrible dictu! The wind I perceived had just changed. Thin sheets of vapour began to fly from the east. Huge masses of rolling clouds followed fast—and, in a few moments we were compelled to seek shelter from a pitiless North-easter.—“So,” said I to Ned, “enjoyment ends where it begins—at my first sally, here’s a storm with all the elements at its heels to oppose—so it always was with poor me, and so it always will be—would I were safe in my den again.”

The dinner-bell put to immediate flight the querulous blues that were besetting me, and I sat down with sensations keenly alive to the sublime and beautiful of Nature before me. I was just under the brow of a mountain surloin of beef, down whose craggy and precipitous sides ran impetuous torrents of gravy, rendering its approach formidable, and its summit (so I thought) altogether inaccessible. At a small distance, a round, smooth, gentle hill of ham, covered with furze, formed a pleasing contrast to the ragged surface of its neighbour. Still farther on, and as far as the eye could reach, were minor elevations, forming a grand chain of division between the inhabitants of two nations, whom I conceived to be very much *opposed* to each other. Then there were vallies clothed in one entire coat of cresses. Piles of asparagus, that straight and towering ornament of the forest, lay, stripped of all its grandeur, ready to the all-devouring hand of man. Cataracts of beer, unlike those lesser and more ordinary falls, which pour a puny and incessant stream, foamed and roared only at intervals—thus affording breath and time to discuss its wonders. Lakes of oil, ponds of vinegar, seas of sauce, deserts of pepper, and swamps of mustard were dispersed here and there throughout the landscape. Suddenly there seemed a convulsion of Na-

ture—the scene before me was undergoing a great change. Fragment after fragment of the mountain rolled down and vanished—a mass lay before me. I determined to arrest the progress of destruction. My knife was in my hand—I thrust instinctively forward. What it encountered I know not, but I was startled from my vision by the voice of my friend Ned W—, “here’s a spoon, my dear fellow, allow me to help you.” I knew I had been dreaming, and without more comment, fell to eating amid a roar of laughter and acclamation.

As the clamour gradually subsided, I found I had been the instrument of effecting what is ordinarily brought about by the intervention of darkness, or the use of liquor—to wit, renewing the power of speech in some twenty of my fellow-beings, who, since leaving the wharf, had been dumb. “Your friend,” said a young chap, who sat next Ned W—, and whose crows-feet discovered him to be a Junior of Harvard—“your friend is a man of the *homines graves* class,” looking full at my swimming plate. “A pun, a pun,” exclaimed I, “who made it—was it yon *puny* cur?” “*Cur punis*.” “How dare you!” “Adair, sir, Charles Adair, jun.” “Scandalous! ’tis too much by the twins,” said I, making an attempt to damp his ardour by thrusting him with his own weapon. “I thought so *before*,” echoed this mirror of punning chivalry. “That’s d—fine, ’eh and sispence!” minced something from the opposite side of the table—“that’s great, I swear. Go’t, Charley, for auld lang syne’s sake and the *Medical faculty*, you’ll get the leather medal yet.” “My friend there,” said Adair, “is a little humorous, but—” “Undoubtedly the effect of butter,” interrupted an M.D. who until then had been too busily engaged in discussion of the eatables. “So”—“Very sore,” retorted the invincible. “You’re a wit,” sighed the man of physic. “Not a *whit*—,” was the ready answer. During this volley of missiles across the table, which had occasioned a tremendous and almost incessant roar, I had noticed the pinched up and almost woman-like appearance of this classmate of the young punster. “Is this,” thought I, “Can this be any thing belonging to that Alma Mater, which was once so proud of her poorest sons, and to whom I still look

back with fond filial remembrance? Yet so it is—may I not meet the crows-foot on many such!" The good Doctor was likewise an alumnus, and true though elder son. He exhibited the broad unwieldy extern of one whose practice and theory are not always parallel. His bodily organs were distended with the variety and quantity of cheer—his heart dilated in proportion, and particularly when a glass or two of genial wine had mounted, together with his whole stock of humour, merriment, and glee to his attic, he began to prate, with much self-complacency, to those he considered his legal successors. Among other choice things, (and many found vent with the volumes of smoke which rolled from his mouth,) was a story, which contained so much of the humorous and serious blended, that I may shortly offer it to the reader.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

How strange are the impressions which circumstance or chance produces upon mankind! how a meteor will pass across the horizon of life, and so dazzle for the time, that, when its brightness is past, the sky of existence seems for ever after clouded, and memory points backward, and sighs o'er hopes departed.

I have often observed an open and unsuspecting forehead, wrinkled in its spring-time, and features naturally buoyant and cheerful, changed, fallen, and sere, long before the autumn of life, and in which, though sometimes lit up with a smile, the accurate and nice observers of nature could read the wreck of hope within!

Unsuccessful love, disappointed ambition, and sometimes, *satiated revenge*, create such feelings, which neither time, nor place, but only the grave can obliterate. These often produce the most disastrous chances; sometimes, though rarely, they elicit the inborn genius of the man, which, but for that circumstance, might have remained for ever buried in the volume of the brain.

Men are all children of circumstance. Shakspeare says, that it is in a man's power to be any thing. There is some truth in

this, but I will not accede, in every particular, to "honest Iago."

* * * *

The stage is meant to represent nature, and to delineate the passions. Many of our dramatists, the old especially, have done this admirably: each character being so complete and distinct a personage, that the most superficial instantly recognise the correctness of the picture—and the remark so often applied to Shakspeare, applies with equal justice to some of his cotemporaries, that no speech which he has put in the mouths of his *personæ*, would suit any character, but the one to whom he has given it.

Turn to our own times, O what a falling off! our soi-disant dramatists are not dramatists. They write a descriptive poem, totally devoid of action, and apportion it into irregular lengths, which they order their *personæ* to speak. Is this Drama? No. A description of passion or still life, no matter who speaks it, is not dramatic: but the essence of the drama is, to produce passions, by well invented circumstance, in the bosoms of their characters, and make them speak the language of nature, under its influence—this is dramatic. Action, not poetry, is the soul of the drama.

* * * *

I have seen actors, and some called "first rate" too, mouth their speeches abominably; they roar like the north wind, beat the breast, rend the hair, and tear their garments to shreds—this is almost always foreign from the text; and "though it may make the unskilful" applaud, will never eventually bring them honour.

Those who play for notoriety, not fame, who strive only for the plaudits of the illiterate, may succeed awhile; but assuredly, as nature is superior to distortion, will they fail in the end. There is bathos in speaking and bombast too, as well as in writing; there is a modesty in nature which art cannot give, and there are cords in the heart, which true genius only can touch. Physical advantages in the actor may please the eye; mind alone can delight the soul.

* * * *

Young is a very chaste actor, and gave me more idea of the grandeur of the stage than any man I ever saw; yet there is something far from prepossessing in his ap-

pearance. When I saw him perform, it may be that I was in the mood to look on every thing favourably.

Man has some strange notions : now he looks on all things with an eye of pleasure : then, every object displeases—it must depend on the state of the nerves.

* * * *

Actors follow each other more than authors, and are less liable to censure ; for, only while the actor lives do we know his power—after the lapse of ages the poet's inspirations are seen, bright as the day of their *creation*, and better judgment and truer is formed after his age, than when he existed—no friends are then to flatter, no enemies to defame. Through all ages, nature is alike : it is then proved, if he touched her genuine chords, or only hit the passing foibles of the day.

It is strange the poet should be so looked down upon, and even despised, by men too, whose only claim to that title is, that they walk erect in the likeness of their God : (though often a wretched caricature!) and whose only pretension to hold their head above others, is the accident of birth or riches, oftentimes acquired even by their own *folly*. These men, who think that noble blood or gold constitutes worth, talent, genius, every thing,—who have not one original thought, never had, and never may have,—who, were they to read the works of the very poet they condemn and despise, could not comprehend one of his sublime ideas, yet denounce his writings as nonsensical rhapsodies, and the author as a hair-brained fool. What presumption!

Who were the first historians? Poets. Who were the first biographers? Poets. Where live the deeds of the great men of old? In the Poet's song. Who have immortalized castles, towers, woods, and streams? Poets.

Where does beauty live, when that beauty is no more than a loathsome skull? In the Poet's lay. What is the learning, the delight, and the occupation of a virtuous peasantry? The works of a Poet.

Whose grave do we travel days and weeks to visit? The Poet's. Whose low, and (perhaps) ruined cottage is pointed out to us as we journey along? The Poet's birth-place.

Miss Landon truly says—

“ A poet's love is immortality.”

Let the titled, vain, and ignorant, think of this: let the worldly pause on it. Compare the difference between themselves and the poet, a few years hence, when man's earthly pilgrimage is ended. The worldly will be in dust and forgotten,—their graves unhallowed and unknown. The plough may pass over them, and the yellow grain ripen there: the highway may run over them, and the noisy wagon rattle over their careless sleep. The house of rejoicing may be built over them,—the merry song sound, the mazy dance be threaded, and who thinks of them? No one.

Where is the poet then? His name is in every mouth, his song in every heart! His sepulchre is a sacred spot, the property of his country, as is his fame. Thousands flock there in silent admiration to view his narrow tomb: there no unhallowed hand dare intrude to disturb the mansion of his repose.

Think on this, ye worldly, proud, and selfish men—then dwell on your own insignificance. What are your splendid domes, your gilded pictures, and your costly gems, compared to the poet's lowly cot, and each valueless thing that was his? Nothing.

* * * *

“ I have had wonderful presentiments in my time. Hardly any unfortunate circumstance has ever happened to me, of which I have not had some forerunning warning. We can't help these things, and can no more account for one sentiment, than for another,” said Lord Byron to Capt. Parry. That almost every thinking man has presentiments of the future, no one will deny; at least I firmly believe, though unlike Dr. Johnson and many other great men, I put no faith in dreams, or supernatural appearances.

How it is that presentiments press upon the mind, I know not; and though no eye can see before the hour, yet I, to a certainty, know many others have had strange presentiments. Though we have them, and feel assured a disastrous chance is approaching, we have no power to avert the decree of fate. These presentiments press on us like “ a vision thron'd,” and though we feel them, we cannot describe them—but

when, in time, they are realized, we know too keenly, that we had a forewarning of the event. Such things are. Y.

The Revolutionary Claim. A few feeble old men stood on a wharf, contemplating a gallant and mighty ship, of which they had been the builders. The ship had been made by them in company, and they themselves embarked in her on her first and most hazardous voyage. They then gave her to their sons, who promised to pay them for their labour and expenses, and those sons became rich and prosperous from the profits of the vessel, but they remained callous to the entreaties of their fathers, now old and powerless, and basely evaded the payment of an honest debt. At length, a friend of their fathers, who in his youth had been a volunteer on board of this vessel, came from a far and sunny land across the seas, to see the gallant ship and its brave crew, once more, ere he should die. The stranger was a man of high renown and of ancient name, and the sons who had neglected their fathers welcomed him with festivals and honours. The stranger deserved such a welcome, for he was generous, and good, and heroic, and had been, not only a *nation's*, but also a *world's* benefactor. He met with the friends of his youth—they were wasted and wan, and bowed by affliction—some had gone down to the grave, their hearts broken by hope deferred,—some were in want and destitution,—and one who had been amongst their bravest, was the tenant of a prison.

The stranger at last set sail for the lovely land of his nativity; but before his departure, he released his ancient companion from an imprisonment, which, but for him, would have been terminated only by Death. The sons at last were awakened to a sense of their injustice, and they assembled in the ship to consult on the most expedient means of paying the debt which they had withheld so long.

These sons were great talkers, and each had his own plan for making restitution, and each considered his own plan the best. While they were thus engaged, their aged fathers, impelled by anxiety, thronged the wharf, by the side of the ship, and several of them being feeble with age, were crowded into the waters. Their sons had suffi-

cient humanity to wish that they might be preserved, but as they never did things in a hurry, they began to consult on the best manner of saving those who were perishing in the waves. One was of opinion that it would be best to throw out ropes, but another thought that the ropes might slip through their hands, and that it would be best to throw planks and spars. Another disliked both these plans, and advised that a small boat should be lowered to rescue them. A fourth proposed, in a long harangue, that the sons being strong and active, should plunge in the waves and save their fathers by their own personal exertions. After considerable discussion, the last scheme was adopted, and they approached the side of their ship to perform the pious duty. But their fathers were not visible—old and helpless, they had sunk in the merciless waters, and their sons discovered too late that *action* is sometimes better than *deliberation*!

Can the members of the present Congress gather a moral from the foregoing story? If not, we shall, in due time, entertain them with another.

Waterloo. It is stated in an Irish paper, that the battle of Waterloo was won, not so much by British valour as by *American* gold—that Grouchy was bribed by a "certain illustrious bride, then a widow, to delay the arrival of his forces at the scene of action, and that the *douceur* so opportunely bestowed, constitutes part of the claim which the lady has upon the British government."

The lady alluded to is the Marchioness of Wellesley, late Mrs. Patterson. Mr. Niles expresses a disbelief as to her being "an agent in *purchasing* the *field* of Waterloo," and we join in this disbelief. There is no doubt but that Marshal Grouchy played false in that great game, but we doubt that our beautiful countrywoman had any thing to do with the political affairs of Europe. But if this were true, it would be a curious fact, and would pretty much decide the question, whether the world is or is not ruled by woman.

Notice. If our new carriers should leave the paper with any persons who are not subscribers, we request that information

may be promptly given. The late carrier's books were in such confusion, that the addresses of several subscribers were of necessity taken from the Directory, and it is very possible that the paper may, in some instances, be left at the wrong place. If so, we trust that notice will be given in due season, by those who receive the Gazette through mistake, and that they will not, as is sometimes done, continue to receive it quietly for months and then enlighten our collector by informing him that *they are not subscribers*.

We are well assured that our subscribers will have every reason to feel satisfied with the faithfulness of our new carriers. Our office needed reformation, and we have made one that is pretty thorough.

To our Correspondents. If "Orlando" has any mercy, he will show it pre-eminently, by sparing our "aching sight" from any more specimens of his poetical powers.

"A Junior" is a *juvenis* in thoughts and style. We cannot speak of him in the commendatory words of Don Armado, "A most acute juvenal"!

"Clara" might with more propriety have signed her lines "*obscura*"—we cannot understand them.

General Washington's Correspondence.

WASHINGTON TO PUTNAM.

Camp on Schuylkill, 34 miles from Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1777

Dear Sir,

The situation of our affairs in this quarter calls for every aid, and for every effort. General Howe, by various manœuvres, and marches up the Schuylkill, as if he meant to harm our right flank, found means, by countermarching, to cross the river last night several miles below us, which is fordable almost in every part, and is now fast advancing toward Philadelphia. I therefore desire, that without a moment's loss of time, you will detach as many rank and file, under a proper General and other officers, as will make the whole number, including those of General McDougall, amount to twenty-five hundred privates, and non-commissioned officers, fit for duty. The corps under General McDougall, to my great surprise, by a letter from him a few days ago, consisted of only nine hundred men. You

will direct the officers commanding the detachment, (now ordered) to proceed as soon as possible to reinforce me. The rout to Morristown is the best for them to pursue. Before they arrive at the Ferry, they will hear where I am; but they may know their destination when they are within two marches of it; they are to inform me by express, and I will write upon the subject.

I must urge you, by every motive, to send this detachment with the least possible delay: no consideration must pervert it. It is our first object that we defeat, if possible, the army now offered to us here. That the Highlands may be secure, you will immediately call in your forces now on command on out-posts; you must not think of covering a whole country by dividing them; and when they are ordered in, and drawn together, they will be fully competent to repel any attempt that may happen. But if you are attacked, you will get all the militia that you can. The detachment will bring their baggage, but as little as possible. That you may not hesitate, you will consider this as peremptory, and not to be dispensed with. Colonel Malcolm's regiment will form a part of the detachment.

I am, yours, &c.
G. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONTEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

AT no period of our history has female genius triumphed more than in our own days. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminent talent, as writers in various departments of literature and philosophy.

Mrs. *Barbauld*, distinguished during 50 years by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

Miss *Hannah More*, for nearly an equal period, for various moral and controversial writings; not inferior for style and energy of mind to any thing produced by the other sex.

Mrs. *Radcliffe*, who, as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.*

Miss *Edgeworth*, a distinguished writer of novels, moral compositions, and works of education.

Miss *Cullen*, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Morton* and *Home*, novels dis-

* This was published previous to the death of Mrs. Radcliffe.

tinguished for their benevolent sentiments and spirited compositions, honourable alike to her heart and head.

Mrs. *Opie*, whose various works in verse and prose are distinguished for their originality, good taste, ingenuity, and elegant composition.

Mrs. *Inchbald*, who, as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works, which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.*

Miss *Hutton*, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer, as proved by her recent works on Africa.

Miss *H. M. Williams*, who, though long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an English woman, and is an honour to the genius of her countrywomen, in history, politics, eloquence, and poetry.

Mrs. *Cuppe*, a Lady whose strength of understanding and powers of diction have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, as she has published several works in theology, education, and biography.

Miss *Porter*, a novelist of the first rank in the powers of eloquent composition, whose Thaddeus of Warsaw, and other works, will long be standards in the language.

Miss *Benger*, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian, and critic.

Miss *Grant*, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy, and the belles-lettres.

Mrs. *Marcet*, who has proved her powers of mind in her conversations on Natural Philosophy, &c.

Mrs. *Lowry*, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

Miss *Owenson* (Lady Morgan), whose powers of eloquent writing, moral and political reasoning, are not surpassed by any author of her time.

Mrs. *Wakefield*, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

Mrs. *Hertson*, whose discoveries with the microscope on the Physiology of Plants, rank her high among experimental philosophers.

Miss *Herschel*, whose ingenuity and industry in astronomical observation have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

Miss *Aiken*, niece to Mrs. Barbauld, who, soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has, in her memoirs of Elizabeth, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

Miss *Graham*, the able writer of several

* This was published previous to the death of Mrs. Inchbald.

volumes of travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. *D Arblay* (Miss Burney), whose Evelina, Cecilia, Camilla, and other novels, place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

Miss *Baillie*, whose plays on the Passions and other productions are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons, till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned, whether the other sex can produce a list, in many respects, of superior pretensions.

RUSSIA.

The applause of Europe, since 1812, has quite intoxicated the Russian nation. The officers, and the soldiers especially, believe themselves the *first* in existence, and seem to imagine that they could now conquer the globe; and, therefore, that wherever their hordes are sent, they will march to certain victory. Such a conviction prevailing in an army, forms a *host* of itself, and has led to deeds almost supernatural. Was it not the *long-credited infallibility of Napoleon* that fought half his battles, and animated his soldiers with the idea of their own invincibility? Master of the human mind, that General spoke in an oracular style. He issued orders to his soldiers as if he had been giving instructions for a parade or a general review. His armies never hesitated; they never dreamt of defeat; they fought, and they conquered, and thus fulfilled the commands of their leader. The Russians wish to inspire their armies with the same sentiments as those of *Napoleon's troops*; and indeed their commanders proudly insinuate that they hold the *keys of Europe*,—that the destiny of nations is in their hands, the moment their Tsar shall pronounce the words, "*Now for the conquest of Europe!*"

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